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O D E
F O R
M U S I C,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
T H E A T R E in O X F O R D,
On the S E C O N D of J U L Y, 1751.
Being the ANNIVERSARY appointed by
The late Lord C R E W, Bishop of *Durham*,
For the COMMEMORATION of
BENEFACTORS to the UNIVERSITY.

*Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat ;
Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti ;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes ;
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo ;
Omnibus his — — —*

VIRGIL.

By T H O. W A R T O N, A. M. of Trinity Coll.

Set to Music by Dr. H A Y E S, Professor of Music.

O X F O R D,

Printed for R. CLEMENTS and J. BARRETT; W. THURLBOURNE in Cambridge;
and R. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall, London.

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O D E
F O R
M U S I C.

I.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell, *Recitative Accomp.*
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,

The solemn strain delights to swell;

Oh ! where shall Clio chuse a race,

Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,

Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd ?

Daughter and mistress of the sea,

Chorus.

All-honour'd Albion hail !

Where'er thy Commerce spreads the swelling sail,

Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,

So brave, so learned, and so free ;

All-honour'd Albion hail !

II.

Recitative.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
 Would Clio seek the most distinguis'd seat,
 Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
 That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
 Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;

Air I.

Where Ifis' waters wind
 Along the sweetest shore,
 That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
 Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
 Lo ! where majestic OXFORD stands;

Chorus.

Virtue's awful throne !
 Wisdom's immortal source !

Recitative.

Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
 Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
 All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
 In one unbounded tide, one unremitting course,
 From age to age has still successive stream'd ;
 Where Learning and where Liberty have nurst,
 For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
 Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

In

III.

In antient days, when She, the Queen endu'd

Recitative Accomp.

With more than female fortitude,

Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;

Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,

Pallas descended from the realms of light,

Imperial Britonesse! thy kindred aid.

As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,

The Goddess sought a cooling stream,

By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,

Fair Ifis' waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,

On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,

To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;

And thus the watry nymph addrest.

Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,

Air II.

Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:

A goddess from thy mossy brink

Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:

Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;

Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,

Rise from the wave, propitious pow'r;

O listen from thy pearly bow'r.

Her.

IV.

Recitative.

Her accents **I**sis' calm attention caught,
 As lonesome, in her secret cell,
 In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
 She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell :
 Then from her work arose the **N**ais mild ;

Air III.

She rose, and sweetly smil'd
 With a many a lovely look,
 That whisper'd soft consent :

Recitative.

She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
 To dip her casque, tho' dy'd in recent blood ;
 While Pallas, as the boon she took,
 Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment.

Air IV.

For this, thy flood the fairest name
 Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
 Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,
 Of every tuneful breast the pride :
 For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
 Where now the cowslip paints the green
 With unregarded grace,

Her wanton herds where Nature feeds,
 As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
 She bends her silent pace ;

Lo ! there, to wisdom's Goddess dear,
 A far-fam'd City shall her turrets rear,
 There all her force shall Pallas prove ;
 Of classic leaf with every crown,
 Each olive, meed of old renown,
 Each antient wreath, which Athens wove,
 I'll bid her blooming bow'r's abound ;
 And Oxford's sacred seats shall tow'r
 To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
 The trophy of my gratitude !
 The temple of my pow'r !

Recitative.

V.

Nor was the pious promite vain ;
 Soon illustrious Alfred came,
 And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.
 Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait,
 Alfred, majestic name !
 Of all our praise the spring !
 Thee all thy sons shall sing,
 Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath :
 In notes most awful shall the trumpet breath
 To thee, GREAT ROMULUS of Learning's richest state.

Air V. & Chorus.

Nor

Recitative.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
 Oxford, thy rising temples own :
 Soon many a man munificent,
 The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned croud,
 Their ample bounty lent
 To build the beauteous monument,
 That Pallas vow'd.

Recitative Accomp.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
 Majestic in the moss of time ;
 Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
 'Mid the proud piles of antient art,
 Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
 Wainflet and Wickham bravely plan'd ;
 Nor decent Doric to dispense
 New charms 'mid old magnificence ;
 And here and there soft Corinth weaves
 Her dædal coronet of leaves ;

Duett.

While, as with rival pride their tow'rs invade the sky,
 Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vye,
 Which shall deserve the foremost place,
 Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

VII.

O Ifis ! ever will I chant thy praise : *Recitative.*

Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
With hands most skillful ; have their brows entwin'd
With every fairest flow'r of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir ;

Have bade the musing mind
Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won ;

But that thy sons have dar'd to feel. *Air VI.*

For freedom's cause a sacred zeal ;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still Corruption's cup defy'd ;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear..

VIII.

But chief on this illustrious day, *Recitative.*
The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme ;

B

At

At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

Air VII. Hail hour of transport most sublime

In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal CREW commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

IX

Recitative. E'en now fir'd fancy sees thee lead
 To Fame's high-seated fane
 The shouting band !
 O'er every hallowed head

Fame's choice it wreaths the fees thee spread :
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view ;

And

And bids the Goddess lift

Air VII.

Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,

O CREW, thy consecrated gift,

And echo with his own in social strains thy name.

[*Chorus* repeated.

F I N I S.

THE BOSTON

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THE BOSTON

